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Planting the Cross
AT
Spwanipp
AND
OTHER POEMS

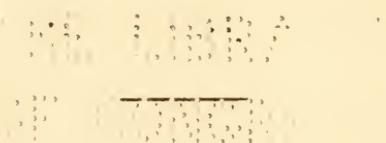
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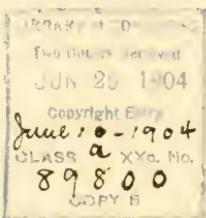
By

Margaret Isabella Weber



NASHVILLE, TENN.

1904



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Without a claim to have entered into the
Temple of Poesy—only the Vestibule—
this little volume is inscribed

to

“My Girls”

May they all be led and kept in the
way of Heavenly wisdom

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Planting the Cross at Sewanee

The Cross on the Mount of Hope*

The winter day was bright ; and blushing Morn,
A-tip-toe rose to greet the up-risen Sun,
Her eager bridegroom. Through the riven clouds,
The sombre drapery of Night, he stole
A side-long, loving glance, which wakened her.
The early breeze those tattered curtains shook,
And opened wide ; when lo ! the rosy Morn
Appeared, and lighted up the scene. The shades
Withdrew ; but tremulous, essayed to rise
And bend their dusky forms in adoration.
Insensate man ! God's first-day miracle
Is wrought anew, as at creation's dawn,
And every morning should command thy praise,
"Let there be light !" Dear Lord, the fiat send
Through minds chaotic ; make them now to see
The Sun of Righteousness, and darkness flee
Away ; and doubts, that shadow o'er the soul,
Shall be transformed to Faith adoring ; so
Thy Church shall be the loving bride of Christ.

*The signification of the Indian "Sewanee"—the site of the University of the South.

War-desolated earth, in contrast dire
With pristine beauties of this winter day,
Made one believe the world and heaven were not
Attuned, or had not yet been reconciled.
One look into eternal depths of blue
Should raise rebellious hearts to harmony.

The day was young, when up the "Mount of Hope,"
The "Mother Mountain," * came a trinal band
Of priests. The high priest† vigorous then, and young ;
And strong and vigorous now, in faith and love,
And all good works; to this wild mountain came,
Together with a godly friend, and other
Two, belonging to the band of priests—
To plant the Cross, the emblem of their faith ;
And consecrate anew the vast domain,
Which Christian men had set apart long since
For training Christian youth. Grim, ghastly war
Had intervened ; and followers of the camp,
For relics chipped away the corner-stone,
Which had been laid by Churchmen, full of hope,
With prayer and song and ornate ceremony.
The South made promise of her ample wealth

*The signification of the Indian "Sewanee"—the site of the University of the South.

†Bishop Quintard, the second founder of the "University of the South."

To find the needed gold ; and men foresaw
A mighty enterprise assured, and praised !
Alas ! for schemes of man. War swept the gold
Away. Oh, God ! if that were all ! but such
A conflict, fratricidal, swept away
The precious lives of men, the noblest men
And best ; and sickness, sorrow, and the sword
Left broken hopes, and broken hearts ; and Peace,
The white-winged, hovered o'er the land no more !

The prelates, who this scheme at first advanced,
Had passed away save two. A-weary some
Of mortal strife — one on the battle-field.*
With lion strength, and boldness for the truth,
A little longer one survived, to show
In his own life how much of sweetness comes
From godlike strength.† One only now remains :
He walks with God ; his feet upon the earth,
But with his head and heart at home in heaven ;
Ensample of a godly life : his crown
Of glory on — a living benediction.‡
In our extremest need, God makes a way ;
And He it was who chose a fearless man,

* Bishop Polk, the founder of the "University of the South."

† Bishop Elliott.

‡ Bishop Green.

A man of wondrous faith and energy,
To take the work again. For neither North
Nor South ; yea ! of them both, and for them both,
He stood within the gap, and tried to bring
The sundered parts together ; struggling for
The dear Southland, and for its elevation :
When all was lost, or seeming so, he came,
Reviving or renewing work, where He
Had sent him ; trusting that the Lord would bless
His own, who trusted Him.

'Twas in the hush
Of solitude. A rustling in the dead
And huddled leaves, anon ; which southing winds
Had stirred, or startled hare with timorous leap
Had crackled. Robin and wood-thrush had not
Their matins yet begun : no sound was heard
Of woodman's axe, nor hunter's winding horn,
Nor farmer's lusty shout to lazy swain :
Such sights and sounds ne'er follow in the track
Of war ; e'en beasts and birds, affrighted, flee
Away. Pandora's box is open wide,
And even Hope escapes : and to the heart,
When ushered in by waste, and want, and woe,
Comes utter desolation. Lone, forlorn,
A chimney stood ; and cold, and bare, the hearthstone.

When man his brother man forgets to love,
The Lord of Hosts sends forth His scourge of war;
Here, where a holocaust to demon war
Was made, 'twas meet to offer sacrifice
Of prayer and praise to Him, the God of battles.
He can the wrath of man restrain. And here,
Where silence and where desolation reigned—
Nature herself, with breath suspended, looked
On death and devastation—here, the voice
Of man was first to break the stillness, with
A prayer. Like Winfrid, in the early Church,
Called rightly Boniface, who left his home,
And went from land to land, to plant the cross,
The bishop, with untiring zeal, would urge
The work, when cavillers discouraged him—
With words like his—"What would ye have me do,
But go in faith where God is calling me?"
And so he came; and, calling on his God
To consecrate the oak, which long had been
Defiled with heathen worship, he began
To hew the tree, and make a Cross, to mark
The place for worshipping the God of gods.
Twelve feet in length, the apostolic twelve,
And patriarchal, too, he made the Cross;
And then assembling round it those who were

Of priestly line, and other faithful few,
Recalling His own promise, that "Where two
Or three are gathered in My name, there am
I in the midst," he solemnly invoked
The Lord to grant His blessing.

How sublime

The picture ! And what faith was there ! With all
Their voices joined, they, after prayer, began
The "Credo;" then they waked the lonely echoes
In the woods with their triumphant song,
"Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Be peace"—"be peace!" And angels caught their lost
Refrain—Peace ! Peace !

And angels marked this spot ;
For, strange and true it is, when years rolled by,
And men began to build, without intent
Or knowledge this was chosen for St. Luke's.
"They builded better than they knew :" for on
This very place the oratory stands,
Where daily prayer and praise ascend to heaven !

Dear pastor, brother, Father now in God,
The world will know thy worth, and not till then
When to the church triumphant God shall call
Thee ; and, with crown of stars of ransomed souls,
Thou, too, wilt walk through Pearly Gates, adown
The golden streets of New Jerusalem !

Planting the Cross at Sewanee

ON the 11th of October, 1865, the Rt. Rev. Charles Todd Quintard, S.T.D., LL.D., was consecrated Bishop of Tennessee, in St. Luke's, Philadelphia. So soon as he had taken his seat in the House of Bishops he wrote to his friend, the late Rev. Dr. Merrick, asking if he would go with him to Sewanee, and undertake with him the re-establishment of the work which had been begun for God by the Southern bishops before the war. The Rev. Dr. Merrick, the Rev. Thomas A. Morris, and Major Geo. R. Fairbanks, met the bishop by his appointment at Winchester, February, 1866. They rode up the mountain on horseback and found that all of the buildings which had been erected before the war on the site of the university had been destroyed by fire; they found shelter for the night in an old log cabin, occupied by Mr. William F. Tomlinson.

On the day following their arrival Bishop Quintard caused a rustic cross of oak to be made, twelve feet high, and erected it on the highest point of the domain. Around this cross a little band assembled, while a few of the mountaineers looked on with lively interest, having witnessed, in 1860, the grand ceremony of laying the corner-stone.

The bishop recited the Nicene Creed, and, kneeling on

the ground, prayed Almighty God to give them "grace to perceive and know what things they ought to do, and strength faithfully to perform the same." Then the woods were made to ring with that grand old hymn to the Trinity, "Glory be to God on High!"

On this very spot the Theological Seminary now stands, and in justice to the Bishop of Tennessee, be it said, that without his extraordinary efforts for many years at home and abroad, in the interest of this university, there would not be found to-day one stone upon another.

THIS lovely child was lent to the earth ;
A link to the sky was given ;
And the day of her death was the day of her birth,
An angel was born in heaven !
We'll go to the Savior, like Jairus of old ;
He comforts him who weepeth ;
His answer receive, "Only believe !"
"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth!"



DISCORD reaches not so far as harmony: Happy thought, if earth's discordant notes are lost, and the harmonies of life alone reach heaven's ear.

Little Eva and the Falling Stars

I.

"Let me catch a star!
Let me catch only four!
Dear mamma, oh! please,
I'll ask for no more;

One, two, three, four, before they have passed,
I'll show you, sweet mamma, how I'll hold them fast."
And with wee, tiny fingers, she clasped on my table,
Saying "see now, you know, my brother is able
To fasten them so, with a glass underneath,
And a glass on the top, all around in a wreath,
For a breast-pin, mamma, and rings for my ears;
Oh! that will be lovely," and she laughed through her tears
That made her eyes glisten with heavenly light.
"Say yes, do mamma, and awake me to-night,
When the stars are all falling—oh! when will it be?"
And my darling jumped up in her innocent glee
So rich and so happy, with treasures untold,
Bright jewels from Heaven of silver and gold.

II.

"Go to sleep, baby,
Mamma will awake
And count the clock strike
Till the time it will take
Old Leo to climb up the ramparts again ;
I'll watch the gold sickle in his long silver mane ;
And when I can see the bright flash of his tail,
I'll look to the east, the sooner to hail
The great meteors. Your mamma will call you.
Sleep, baby, sleep ! You shall then have all you
Can gather and hold." Shall I tell her the truth ?
That what she calls stars are not stars, forsooth.

III.

Too soon it will come,
Or it comes not at all ;
We still reach for stars,
Or for moons do we call ;
Too soon we forget the bright joys of our youth ;
Too soon, alas ! we must learn bitter truth.
The tired hand clasps, the weary heart grasps
Still, still for the moon ;
The stars we have caught no pleasure have brought—
Evanishing soon.
The light had gone out when we looked about :
Weep as we must, we found nothing but dust :
Such is life's boon.

IV.

So I said to my child,
“I know of a sphere
Where all is made right
That goes wrong with us here.

These stars you can’t hold ; they are not true gold ;
They are stones and gas.

Will you not wait till we reach Heaven’s gate ?
Starry crowns there await the good as the great.”

Alas ! ah, alas !
Like the overgrown child she looked up and smiled,
“I don’t want to wait!”

SITTING dreaming in the gloaming,
In the nook I love the best,
Oft my thoughts go sadly roaming
Till they find thee, sweet Heart-Rest !
Back into the past they take me,
Wandering through life’s winding ways,
Into sunlight, when they make me
Soon forget the cloudy days.



THE invisible guard of one angel is worth more than
a whole armory of defense.

“Requiescat”

Sweet friends, in heaven, or on the earth,
To-day for us there is no dearth
Of love. My soul is full of song;
I would the harmony prolong;
For friends, I'd pray;
If foes, I'd say

“*Requiescat.*”

This little requiem is sung
When hopes are crushed, and hearts are wrung;
When weeping friends close tearless eyes
That ope so soon in Paradise.

No need to pray
For them and say

“*Requiescat.*”

Some that are dead, to me still live;
While some that live no earnest give;
The living dead—so dear, so dear;
Though not a tear has dropped on bier,

For them I pray;
For them I say

“*Requiescat.*”

I see eternal depths of blue
Without a fleck. See heaven through ;
To all amid that shining throng,
Superfluous seems such soothing song.

What need to pray
For them, and say
“Requiescat.”

My father there, my mother, too ;
I know I see, or hope I do :
One died so lonely ; weary one,
With care and work forever done.

In life, I'd pray,
Not death, I'd say
“Requiescat.”

I love you, that you gave me birth,
Albeit to stay awhile on earth,
That's tottering with its weight of sin ;
For, here, we life indeed begin,
Where none need say,
Where none need pray
“Requiescat.”

I love you with an aching heart ;
Broken, I think ; at birth in part :
Though never here I feel heart whole,
This life is matrix for the soul.

Then, sorrow, cease ;
In heaven there's peace ;
“Requiescat.”

My brothers, sisters, are you there,
After a life of moil and care ?
God grant that we united stand,
At last, in heaven, at His right hand.

Can we now pray,
Can we now say,
“Requiescat?”

One sister did herself enshroud :
'Tis pitiful ; the heart is bowed ;
In thinking of her loneliness :
Sweet grass or flowers in wilderness,

When winds do blow,
Oh ! whisper low,

“Requiescat.”

For baby brother, all alone,
Where piteous forests make a moan;
The earth upon thy bosom lies
So deep, thou couldst not hear my cries.

Thy mother wings
Her flight, and sings,
"Requiescat."

And thou, who promised once to wait,
And watch for me at heaven's gate,
I know I'll find thee there above,
Where all is peace and joy and love.

We'll meet again;
For me, say, then,
"Requiescat."

The flowers you gave with dying hand;
Those that none else could understand,
When, as you plucked them one by one,
And gave them me, when day was done;
The light gone out—but love alone,
Supernal light, within that shone;

To me they sigh,
"Heart rest is nigh;"
"Requiescat."

And thou, my friend, and more than friend,
Who found true peace before the end,
And tried to teach me all thy lore;
I missed thee, when at heaven's door
We parted; and I miss thee more,
And con thy love and lessons o'er.

For me, still pray;
Ask Christ to say
“*Requiescat.*”

Oh! hopes that die, and griefs that live,
And joys that life will never give;
Shadows, that fall from light unseen,
So dark, we stumbling walk between—

Hence, hence away—
Leave me to pray
“*Requiescat.*”

And now, my heart, we, two, can rest;
We, two, can fill an empty nest,
If God so will; and sing away;
Like tired children worn with play
Sing to themselves some little lay;
Till soothing sleep will hush for aye,
We'll sob our broken notes, and say,

Dear heart, to me,
And I to thee,

All Saints' Day. “*Requiescat.*”

The Old and the New

"THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!"

I heard the Old Year moan and sigh,
I heard the Old Year groan and die,
While wailing winds went southing by,

Out in the sobbing rain—

Old Year, why art thou moaning so?
We are content that thou shouldst go;
We tired of years long, long ago;

To die must be a gain.

Out of the death grows life anew;
Out of the false there comes the true;
Out of the Old Year springs the new;

Thou'l come again, Old Year.

Into the dark alone thou'l go,—
Why art thou sighing, sobbing so?
The One above keeps watch below.

He lives—need never fear.

A rest and change; all things anew;
They'll live again, the false and true.
If only good lived in the new,
 Our many derelictions
Would count but little in the end;
And truth from error would forefend;
In life or death, sweet heaven would send
 Us many benedictions.

Out of the night will come the day;
Out of the dust, out of decay,
Will come the buds and blooms of May;
 Only a change, remember—
When every flow'ret censer swings,
And warbling bird its anthem sings,
And to the heart such gladness brings,
 It soon forgets December.

Hark! on the air, I hear a bell—
'Tis "twelve o'clock, and all is well!"
The watchman's cry—Old Year farewell,
 Out in the sobbing rain;
No passer-by I see on street;
Hark! now I hear the tramping feet,
But cannot see for storm and sleet,
 With face against the pane.

The year is dead, Oh, no ! Oh, no !
The year still lives, Oh, ho ! Oh, ho !
The rain and wind have ceased, and so,
 Long life, New Year, to you !
All sounds are hushed, above, below ;
Soft, on the pane, the snow ! the snow !
A winding sheet that husheth all,
In lowly hut or lordly hall—
A winding sheet for the Old Year, no !
 A mantle for the New.

Oh ! bright New Year, with snow-white train,
Oh ! glad New Year, you've come again :
Covering the earth, its every stain,
With snow-white train from mount to main—
 May good live on in you,
 The beautiful and true !

 Long life, long life to you !
Oh ! bright New Year, Oh ! glad New Year,
'Tis not too soon for hearty cheer,
Our requiem for the dying year,
 Reveille for the new !
 The beautiful, the true !
 Long life, long life to you !

Life out of death, Oh! crown of thorn !
Oh! sacred brow, all bleeding, torn ;
Thou Man of many sorrows, born
 To give us life eternal,
Grant to us life indeed, we pray ;
Keep us along this death-life way,
Till death is dead in life, we pray ;
 Oh love, oh joy supernal !

THE MASTER of music and art,
Caught the refrain
Of a heavenly strain ;
And it echoed again
From the soul to the brain,
Till it broke the sweet chords of his heart.

❖ ❖ ❖

OH! aching heart !
Oh ! breaking heart !
Life we can not understand ;
But the vision will be clearer,
If we hold the Father's hand.

❖ ❖ ❖

SEEK to be happy, by making others so !

Victors on the Other Shore

(LINES READ AT THE DECORATION OF THE CONFEDERATE GRAVES
AT NASHVILLE, TENN., 186-.)

Not the vanquished—No, for victors
 Bring I laurel wreaths to-day;
Not the living—but the deathless
 Heroes who have passed away.

Hail my brothers marching onward,
 Onward on the other shore!
May ye scale the walls of heaven !
 Victors then for evermore.

List! your deeds are not forgotten ;
 Age and youth meet here to-day;
Some to bring you wreaths of roses,
 Some to bring you crowns of bay.

Laurel wreaths from distant mountain,
 Waving palms from ocean's shore—
Emblems meet, I bring for heroes—
 Heroes are ye evermore.

True, ye heard no shouts of triumph ;
Only wailing—only woe—
As ye watched the blood-red sunset ;
But we see the afterglow.

And, my brothers, now we hail you
Victors on the other shore !
May ye scale the walls of heaven !
Victors then for evermore.

BE strong, ye Tennesseans,
Whenever in the right ;
Like our immortal Jackson,
Be valiant in the fight ;
And give the oppressed your succor :
Make ever Right your might.



BRING a broken life to the "Light of Light"—and
God's prism lets the glory through.

Carol at Sunrise

I know, I know,
Where zephyrs blow,
And the teeming turf upheaves ;
Our Mother Earth
Is giving birth
To violets under the leaves.
Silent and shy,
No human eye
Will discover her charm, I ween ;
The full-blown rose
In secret grows,
And bursts from the bud unseen.

I see, I see
On bush and tree
The tiny leaflets quiver ;
And the shimmering light
In a dance of delight
A-gleaming across the river,
Lighting the spire
A ball of fire—
Glancing from turret and tower ;
And gilding the spray
Where the dew-drops lay,
It shivers in golden shower.

I feel, I feel
That woe and weal
In life must be allied ;
The shades of night,
The bright sunlight,
Are lying side by side.
Away, away
They seem to play
“ Hide and seek,” on yonder hill
Alway, alway,
Till perfect day,
We'll find them together still.

I hear, I hear
The sweet notes clear
Of a bonny bird that sings
To her little brood
As they take their food
Twittering under her wings.
Ah, mother bird,
Your song I've heard ;
And I sang it once—my best ;
Some bright, bright day
They'll fly away,
And leave you the empty nest.

I pray, I pray,
By night, by day,
For my nestlings, where they be.
Dear God above,
I know such love
Should alone belong to thee ;
And so I pray
By night, by day,
That Thy many gifts of love
May not alway
Lure me away
From the Giver of Good above.

Rhythm imitated from Bishop Cox's hymn.



We now can see the dawn of better days :
Look at the South from shore to shore,
Her night of darkness almost gone.
The master, who the thralldom felt far more
Than slave, is now more free than e'er before.
Untrammelled men and women will aspire,
With minds and hearts and souls set free,
To soar to heights unknown, and ardently desire,
With every height attained, the strength to go still
higher !

Sweet Symphonies

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE MOTHER OF MY DEAR FRIEND,
MRS. M. L. C., ON HER EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

I.

Sweet symphonies, I'd sing to-day;
Come, now, my heart—a tuneful lay!
I love the truth—she loves it too;
And, though I pierce the empyrean blue,
My spirit surely seeks the True
And Beautiful. Artist Supreme,
On Thee I call: a poet's dream,
A painter's skill, a workman's art,
Come all from Thee: Thou art the Heart
Of all this breathing, toiling world.
Though Thou, for pride, archangel hurled,
The lowliest look to Thee for light,
And claim from Thee the children's right
To call on Father, Maker, Friend—
Or hope, or faith, or aid to send.

II.

Sweet symphonies, I'd sing to-day,
To her, the subject of my lay.
My friend—I hail thee now four score;
Not far, I ween, from the heavenly shore;
The voyage was long, the barque is frail:
Seems life to thee a brief, swift sail?
I left the port two scores and more,
And yet it seems so long before
I reach the haven; watching drearily,
Weeping, working, waiting wearily,
To hear the Boatman boat his oar
In silent seas—on the silent shore.
Seems life to thee but short and swift?
Clouds in the evening speedily rift—
Down suddenly drops the sinking sun:
The years go liesurely, one by one;
The shadows grow long at set of sun;
Then swift and rapid—work is done;
Heart-sick and home-sick, wistful we glide,
'Till we "catch the light on the other side."
Is it not so? I hail thee now!
I envy thee on the life-ship's prow.
What say I? The Boatman may boat his oar
And land me first on the heavenly shore.

III.

Sweet symphonies I'd sing to-day,
True and beautiful if I may,
For her, who well deserves the praise
Of loving hearts and tuneful lays.
She lived her life both well and wise ;
And now, behold, "her children rise
And call her blessed." Is not this
A boon for earth ; for heaven a bliss?
Revered, respected, honored, loved—
My friend, 'tis true, that thou hast proved
Thy life no failure ; right is right :
As truth is true, thy right is might ;
And down the ages yet to be,
Thy influence, like a wave at sea,
Will widen ever, more and more,
Till broken on the eternal shore.
Thou art growing young, thou art not old ;
When more than four score years are told,
Thou wilt still be young, working cheerily,
Smiling, it may be, or waiting wearily,
Thy birth into life—the true Life given—
Immortal youth, in the mansions of Heaven !

Little Robin's Palm Tree

In the tangled sun and shade,
Underneath a palm tree played
Little Robin, fairest child.

When the winds began to blow,
With the falling of the snow,
When the birds of passage go;

Little Robin too one day,
From her northern home away,
Went where orange trees and bay

Snowy blossoms proudly show;
Roses rare and jasmines blow;
Where the stately palm trees grow.

Leaving large ancestral hall,
Soon beyond the garden wall,
She would find her playmates all,

Caroling their sweetest lays;
And her antiphone of praise
Made for her those happy days.

Happy, under whispering trees ;
Happy, hearing humming bees ;
Happy, dancing in the breeze.

Here, a butterfly to chase ;
There, to kiss the upturned face
Of a pansy with sweet grace,

Or, of rosebuds and sweet pinks
Making chains ; the flower links
Incense breathing what she thinks.

Buds and blossoms, rosary beads,
Counting on them what she needs ;
Praying truly, prayer succeeds.

But of all she loved the best
Underneath the palm to rest ;
Royal palm tree's royal guest.

Watching shadows as they pass,
Weaving lace work on the grass,
Dreaming day dreams, and, alas !

Claiming kinship with the sky,
Like the azure of her eye ;
And as clouds went floating by

She went sailing on them too ;
On the inverted sea of blue,
Far beyond all human view ;

Dreaming fancies false and true,
As maturer minds will do,
Till the stars came peeping through :

Beacon lights in heaven, to show
Where man's soundings cannot go ;
Finite minds must ever know

Something is beyond man's reach,
Something science cannot teach,
Something science to impeach.

Would the Almighty condescend,
And the finite comprehend,
Then infinity would end.

So the little Robin played
In the tangled sun and shade ;
Little Endogens waylaid.

As the stately palms enroll
Inward life, her growth of soul
Did her growing life control.

Wonder did she grow apace,
With such beauty and such grace,
With the soul-light in her face ?

When the winter on the wane,
Stronger grown, she went again
To her home ; she went, full fain,

Greeting one than life more dear ;
She had known her mortal fear ;
She had seen the unwept tear

Broken, glistening in the smile
Mothers' hearts will try awhile
Sorest anguish to beguile.

And the child, with sweetest grace,
Showed how she had grown apace ;
But the soul-light in her face

Child nor mother understood :
In such brightness no one could
Shadow o'er this motherhood.

Friends, beloved and left behind,
Missed the child with wondering mind,
And the palm tree in the wind

Sighed for her at night and morn ;
Stretched her arms in grief forlorn
For the child forever gone.

When the winds again did blow,
And the falling of the snow
Made the birds of passage go,

Little Robin too had flown.
O, the hearts that ache and moan
In the cold world, left alone.

And the palm tree bowed her head,
Bowed her royal, crowned head ;
Moaning, wailing for the dead,

Sighing for the maiden fair :
Threnody, " O, where ? O, where ? "
With her last breath, " Where, O, where ? "

Angels bright, beyond our ken,
Took her to her home again ;
God ! ' Tis hard to say — Amen !

See her with the angel band !
Palms of victory in her hand,
Pointing upward to that land

Which but seems so far away;
When the mists are cleared away
We shall see in perfect day.

Near the old ancestral hall
Just beyond the garden wall,
Where they saw the Palm Tree fall,

In the Southland, Easter tide,
One that loved the child espied
There a little Palm, aside

Of the old one, not apart,
Springing from the other's heart;
Sweetest lesson to impart.

At Mt. Olivet is found
Kindred dust in sacred ground,
And one precious little mound

Has this Palm tree at its head,
Sighing still with bowed head,
Whispering to the sleeping dead

That again 'tis Easter tide!

Mother, may this thought abide,
Lift your heart, 'tis Eastertide!

Home-Coming

[INSCRIBED TO COL. FRANK CHEATHAM, ON HOME-COMING OF FIRST
TENNESSEE REGIMENT FROM THE PHILIPPINES]

Ring out, proud bells, a gladsome peal !

Ye bugles, blow a joyous blast ;

Shout, all, huzzahs for the soldiers' weal—

To welcome them home at last ;

They were the bravest of the brave ;

They were true Tennesseans ;

They risked their lives their honor to save ;

And we must sing their peans.

A welcome to the "Boys in Blue"—

Glad welcome from the "Gray :"

The Blue and Gray wear hearts as true

As ever fought in any fray ;

Truth is—in that most dreadful strife,

When brother met his brother—

Above the embattled host in life,

Unseen, there was another ;

And those who fought on either side,

Fought for the right, "as they saw it ;"

They were the victors—side by side ;

God-crowned—as the angels saw it.

Men say the valiant Southrons failed;
That Northern Arms o'er them prevailed,
But wrong went down for both that day;
And heroes wore the Blue and Gray.

While bells for Tennesseans ring,
Whene'er, where'er they meet us;
To-day, for the "Boys in Blue" we sing
A welcome when they greet us.
And we, the mothers of the Gray,
The mothers of the Blue,
Now, for another campaign, pray
For soldiers tried and true.

Ah! boys, fight the battle of life as well;
"Make ready," "take aim" at the hosts of hell,
Whenever assailed—they strike in the dark;
With the armor of Light, you'll not miss your mark;
And when "Taps" are sounded, and "Lights are out,"
Reveille will greet you, with joyful shout,
From the angels who wait at the Golden Gate—
(Your battles all fought; your last voyage o'er),
To bear you in triumph to the other shore,
And welcome you home, forevermore.

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